UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

A MINISTERIAL friend who writes regretting his inability to be present at the Janesville Council sends this helpful word of sympathy: "I trust that much good will come through your meeting. If anybody has a right to be alive, awake and full of zeal, enthusiasm and work it is the champions of the liberal faith and it has been a great astonishment to me coming in from the outside to find so much apathy and indifference in the churches."

WE never take up a copy of the *Universalist Monthly* without wishing to quote liberally from its pages, for the benefit of all our readers. Its spirit is broad, progressive and thoroughly sympathetic with all forms of sincere religious faith and striving. In the last number the editor, W. S. Crowe, finds a text in the ungracious attitude of the majority of his fellow-religionists towards Unitarians. The prospect of more cordial relations between the two sects is brightening, he thinks, but he finds more active effort to this end among Unitarians than among Universalists. In illustration he points out the scant attention paid by the Universalist press to the Saratoga conference, though that body passed a resolution expressing its sympathy and sense of fellowship with the Universalists, speaking of them as "our sister denomination." The only recognition this received, says Mr. Crowe, was in one of Dr. Atwood's "briefs" in the *Leader*, in which the people attending that gathering were described as going to hear "Curtis and Mrs. Livermore, and to enjoy the Unitarian rhetoric." Mr. Crowe speaks a word of brotherly response for messages of good-will spoken by the *Register*, the *Unitarian*, and UNITY, and urges the cultivation of a more generous spirit among his own brethren.

A SUBSCRIBER and correspondent of UNITY is disturbed over a recent note by the editor commending a suggestion of the *Popular Science Monthly* that the lectures on geology which take their pupils out-of-doors are good for the teacher of theology. The correspondent sees in this suggestion of ours "skeptical tendencies" which would favor a "turning away from the biblical verities and the spiritual realities within the human soul." What we plead for always is the study of the Bible, and the human soul in the light of out-of-doors, *i. e.*, of universal experience, and natural law; studying them as the original facts of the spiritual life, rather than in the light of subsequent text-books, theological systems, and the "indoors" of creeds, schools and sectarian interests and teaching. We are skeptical of the artificial and supernatural in religion in order that we may believe more profoundly in the natural and the universal in religion.

THE probable reason of Mr. Lowell's request to be buried with the service of another church than his own, which has elicited so much comment, is given by his friend, Mr. Curtis, in the Easy Chair of November *Harper's*, as the wish to have all forms of funeral speech and address dispensed with: "Like all men, Lowell had seen too often the invasion of the sober propriety of burial by the cruel recklessness of well-meant but untimely words. The formal service of the English church is very distasteful to many spiritually-minded persons, but it is at least a measured and definite form of expression for a public occasion which involves profound emotion, and in which the risks of chance and unregulated utterance are very great." This explanation is creditable, both to the heart and the understanding of the dead poet's friend, but it does not, to our thinking, cover the case. We confess to the wish that the final ceremonies of funeral and burial in so illustrious a case, had been in the nature of a testimonial, so much needed, to the faith that inspired the noble utterances and deeds which made up the preceding life.

CHICAGO has recently given a charity entertainment on a large scale. The great Auditorium hall was engaged and a large amount of energy, zeal and enthusiasm were expended upon the "Longfellow Fête." The gross receipts were nearly $3,000, but the final footing up of the result in the daily papers shows that only $816 was netted to the two worthy organizations in whose interests this effort was made. As an entertainment it may have been a success, but as a financiering scheme, any business man would consider the profits on the amount of money and strength invested very small. Why will not our church members and philanthropists learn, and take to heart the truth, that a "straight line is the shortest distance between any two given points." Even though the points be the pocket-book of the prosperous on the one hand and the need of the suffering and the dependent on the other. To take such a roundabout way is an insult both to the judgment and the generosity of the public.

WE see by our exchanges that the Rev. J. H. Crooker has resigned his pastorate in Madison, Wis., and accepted a call to the new society at Helena, Montana. Mr. Crooker will leave a field in which he has worked with great ability and energy. He has made the cause of Unitarianism respected, respectable and attractive to a large number of students who have gathered at that important University for the last ten years. We wish him all success in his new field. His experience as a missionary in Wisconsin will splendidly qualify him for the still more heroic missionary work which awaits him in that far-off mountain country. We trust the cause at Madison will not be allowed to languish, but that a man will be found who will carry on the work Mr. Crooker has laid down; making of it not only a good missionary cause worthy outside support, but a living, vital society made up of resident members. Then the church will take its place as one of the organized forces for progressive thought The man who is to be successor to Messrs. Simmons and Crooker has a high standard established for him.

OUR associate, Rev. M. J. Savage, in a recent sermon on "Crime and its Treatment," makes this distinction in the use of terms employed in the discussion of such subjects: "Sin, technically speaking, is an offense committed against God. Vice is an offense committed chiefly, or first, against ourselves,—a private, personal thing. Crime is the breaking of a statute law, supposed to be a social wrong. I wish you to take note that crime is not always evil. If we look down the course of human history, we shall see that a large part of those men whom we most revere were considered criminals by their age. Considered did I say? They *were* criminals. That is, they were breakers of statute law. Socrates was a criminal, and was put to death as such. Jesus of Nazareth was a criminal. In the times of Nero and Diocletian all the early Christians were criminals. And so, as we come down the years, Bruno was a criminal. So was Martin Luther. So were Vanini and Servetus. And at a still later period all that grand cluster of men who stand out in the firmament of our recent past like stars, whose shining heralded the dawn of a larger, wider human freedom,—these were criminals,—Channing, Parker, Garrison, Phillips, John Brown, all the noblest men of their time.

MANY readers of UNITY have doubtless read the article by Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, in a recent number of the *Christian Register*, relating some rather remarkable psychical experiences to which she has lately been made subject, acting, as our spiritualist friends would say, as medium. Mrs. Underwood writes under the title, "Sub-Consciousness, or What?" The particular class of phenomena which she describes is connected with some mysterious power she possesses at intervals, to write in an unknown hand, and by means she can neither control nor explain. The ideas expressed in this writing, as she quotes some of them in the article referred to, are of a higher character than that order of communication usually reveals. This experience is the more remarkable, and will excite greater curiosity, because of Mr. and Mrs. Underwood's prominent position as agnostics, of a rather more materialistic than spiritualistic tendency. Neither has any theory to offer respecting these manifestations, which seem to belong to that widening realm of psychic revelation which marks the age, but which while it widens does not grow much clearer either in purpose, or in the understanding of those dealing with it.

MANY needed and excellent laws seem useless and of a hindering effect, only in certain applications that arise. The contract labor laws, intended to prevent American manufacturers from obtaining foreign labor on unfair, selfish terms, sometimes operates to delay and prevent the very ends sought. This was lately seen in our own city in the importation of two or three Japanese runners in one of our parks, whose business it was to draw the children and other visitors about the shaded walks,—we forget the Japanese term describing their vocation.—The novelty was equally pleasing to the little foreigners and the native visitors; but since they had been employed for this service on the other side of the water, they were obliged to return, which they did reluctantly and with tears. Another case in point is the difficulty President Harper, of the new Chicago University, found himself in the past summer, during his trip abroad, in engaging teachers and professors. He told the reporter he saw several instructors abroad whom he would like to add to the faculty, and who "will undoubtedly wander over to this country in the course of time," and be ready to listen to definite propositions. We speak of these matters, not in criticism of the new law, only to show the occasional humor of it.

Robert Ingersoll's Gospel.

It was the privilege of the present writer to be one of the five thousand or more who recently filled the Auditorium hall of Chicago, from stage to gallery to listen to the famous and oft-repeated lecture of Robert Ingersoll on "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child;" to note the power which kept that vast audience suspended in tremulous anticipation between the gates of tears and of laughter for over two hours, and to reflect upon the significance of the same. Seeing and hearing the man greatly re-assured us in our previous conviction that he was not the fell enemy of religion, or the reviler of Christianity, so often represented and dreaded. His face and voice bespeak a tender heart, a mind, in the main, free from the poison of hatred, and an intellect committed to the capital things in the gospel of Jesus,—gentleness towards the unfortunate, rebuke of arrogant hypocrisy and complacent conservatism. His speech was permeated with the love of man

and a sense of the universal reality of those attributes which alone fill the words God and immortality with sacred meaning. Mr. IngersoH possesses such a fund of humanity, is himself so large an embodiment of geniality, that in his hands even the dangerous and reprehensible weapons of ridicule and sarcasm are shorn of much of their cruelty. Having heard him we feel more than ever like pitying the Christianity that is afraid of him, or the Unitarianism that is tempted to qualify its great gospel of breadth, and to modify its boasted hospitality to all thought, for fear perchance a Robert Ingersoll might be invited to stand in one of its pulpits.

What if he did? They would find one, who, in three-quarters of his speech advocates with splendid power the supremacy of soul and its right to exercise and develop all its powers. One who urges the duty of men to use the power of soul for the amelioration of suffering, the consolation and elevation of the miserable. Robert Ingersoll is a preacher, if anything. And his gospel is the gospel of fair play, of sunshine and of love. He is an apostle of the fireside, and preacher of domestic joys. A Unitarian congregation finds in him, not only a preacher of free speech but of what, in these days, is perhaps quite as much needed in the pulpit, a preacher of plain speech. He is one who uses words to convey rather than to conceal thought. In this respect he is a needed model to the preachers, who go mincing their speech concerning the theological atrocities and absurdities that are bringing Christianity and its institutions into the merited contempt of thinking men and women. This is withdrawing our churches from the confidence of men of science, of philosophy and of affairs. The religious world of to-day, finds in Mr. Ingersoll a pleader for rational conceptions of history and destiny, that prepare the way for that faith which alone commands the reverence of thinking and loving men. If choice must be made between the agnosticism of Robert Ingersoll and the theism that enforces the doctrine of eternal damnation of human souls, or with the Christianity of the vicarious atonement, with the revivalists' cry of "Jesus died and paid it all," the world will not be long in choosing."

But in Robert Ingersoll is also heard a man who demonstrates by his eloquence, the inadequacy of his own position, the ungraciousness of a flippant humorist in the presence of the high realities of life. Here is found one whose splendid powers fail to reach their becoming climax for want of that historic sense, that science and the full appreciation of the doctrine of evolution bring. Robert Ingersoll is a brilliant relic of the free-thinking that has gone, rather than a forerunner of the free thinking that is to come. He belongs to Voltaire and his school, rather than to Herbert Spencer, Emerson, and the nineteenth century liberals. The man who in effect says, Care not for the past for it gone, worry not for the future for it may never come, but enjoy the present, for it you have, is not the man to move the world forward, to inspire great deeds and to continue the pale line of heroes, whose story is the wealth of civilizations. We must crown the centuries gone with cathedral beauties if we are to glorify the centuries to come with more than cathedral glories. Inconsistent is the man who has no use for the word "God" in his philosophy, but retains it for exclamatory purposes in conversation; that pleads for human sympathy, but withholds it from the most serious and self-denying revelations of human life which history gives.

Thus feeling keenly the limitations in this man and his speech, but remembering that he leads a much needed protest against a mediævalism, too long perpetuated on the earth, and an insincerity and intellectual invasion too much in vogue in pulpit and in pew, we bid him God-speed and welcome him to such opportunities of expression as we have to offer, not because we agree, with all he says, or are satisfied with his silences, but because we do not agree, are not satisfied. The pulpit and the press we represent are those based on a faith that truth is served by variety of presentations, and faith is established by all sincere expression. In so far as Robert Ingersoll courts sunlight and believes in the open mind do we believe in him. In so far as he belies the sunlight and darkens counsel with ridicule and closes the mind with the prejudices of the cynic, we do not believe in him. The preachers, in dealing with such shortcomings as characterize Robert Ingersoll, should exercise patience, for they have given so much encouragement to his methods. The preachers weekly out-Ingersoll Robert Ingersoll, in their unfairness for those who differ from them, and in their inhospitality to the human soul in its flounderings, its mistakes and its yearnings. Emerson, not Ingersoll, is the prophet of Free Thought in America, but Ingersoll may be, and is a rude John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness of credulity and conventionality: "Prepare ye the way for the incoming of the Kingdom of Reason and Love and this is the Kingdom of God for which the saints have prayed, and martyrs have died." To this all science tends and in it, civilization triumphs.

Is There a Plutocracy?

It is quite generally assumed that that is, that our country is being brought more and more under its power, and that it is the duty of all good men and especially all good ministers to make the welkin ring with declamations against it. Indeed, for a clergyman to neglect this duty exposes him nowaday, in the circles of social reformers, to the reputation of being either ignorant as to the live issues of the time or too much in fear of "the money power" to speak out against its oppression. Rev. Louis Albert Banks has escaped the risk of any such arraignment.* It is but fair to say that his book is not so bad as its title. It is not by any means a mere impassioned harangue. It contains many words of sense and sobriety. But it seems to fall in with the fashionable assumption that there exists a plutocracy against which it is our duty to declare war to the knife. What is a plutocracy? If the word has any real meaning, it must stand for an organized company of rich men acting in concert to tyrannize over the rest. What are the facts in this country? That there are people of all grades of wealth from the man of moderate means up to the millionaire. Some of this wealth has been acquired dishonestly. Some of it, in strict conformity with legal methods of more or less doubtful justice. Some of it through sheer hard work and frugality, or it may be special intelligence which has enabled its possessor to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. Among men of more than the average wealth some are generous, some ungenerous, in dealing with their employes; some are charitable, some uncharitable towards the needy. So far as their energy is diverted from channels that are really productive, and so legitimate, into the attempt to get more than they give, instead of combining to oppress the poor, they are as a rule engaged in the effort to outwit and so rob one another. The notion that there exists among wealthy men an organized conspiracy to tyrannize over the masses, is pernicious, because in the first place, it is false. In the second place it is grossly unjust to the rich, many of whom are men of the highest and purest character. Again, it is always demoralizing to know that other men are bad. It is thus needlessly demoralizing to believe them worse than they are. The man who in the pulpit or elsewhere, in his enthusiasm for social reform, thinks that he is doing God service by exaggerating the wickedness of the world and painting it in lurid colors, is really serving the devil. Moreover this popular gospel that the wretchedness of the lower classes is due to the tyranny of their masters is most banefully thrusting into the background the old-fashioned virtues of industry and economy and temperance. Much of the wretchedness of the lower classes is due to themselves. Much, indeed, is inherited. The immediate sufferers are not always primarily responsible. The fathers eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. Such is the tragedy of life. Some of us are born into misery. The fact is pathetic but it inhere's in our social system. And for the existence of that system the rich men of to-day are no more responsible than the poor. Indeed the responsibility does not attach to any particular man or men. It has grown out of the very nature of things. The same condition appears, but in a still more extreme form, among the lower animals. Here improvidence and the absence of systematic industry and a reckless increase in numbers lead to that cruel struggle for existence which keeps the wolf from the door only through mutual destruction. Human civilization has been reducing the average mortality by the growing infrequency of wars, and the abatement of epidemics, and the lessened force of outright famine, and so has substituted the less violent but perhaps not less loathsome distress of the slums. The unsatisfactory condition of our social life is not due to some new disease which humanity has caught. It is not due to some specific wrong that any individual or class has wrought. It is rather but a phase of that immaturity out of which we have not yet grown. And so the only way out is to keep on growing. No one remedy will mend matters. The well-to-do may properly be called on to help relieve existing distress. But that is only a palliative. A lasting betterment can come only through the slow process of increasing knowledge and industry and self-control, through temperance and providence and continence. The specific wrongs of the down-trodden should so far as possible be redressed, the ill-gotten gains of the extortionate reclaimed, the oppression of any in authority arrested. But after all the great task is the patient cultivation of the higher qualities of mind and heart among all classes and conditions of men. At best the millennium is not to be reached at a bound; and not at all through wholesale denunciations of the rich and crusades against an imaginary plutocracy.

H. D. M.

*_While Slaves, or The Oppression of the Worthy Poor._ By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., author of "The People's Christ," etc., Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, 1892. Cloth. $1.50.

THE essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in the constant preference for higher thoughts over those of lower ones.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

THE children of to-day will be the architects of our country's destiny in 1900.—*James A. Garfield.*

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brIT is good to rub and polish our ain against that of others.—*Montaigne.*

"HE who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks.—*Herve.*

Men and Things.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON has gone to farming on the old homestead near Hadley, Mass. He is now seventy-eight years old, and is said to be enthusiastic over his outdoor work.

WE learn from the *Universalist Messenger*, published in the interests of the First Universalist Church, Englewood, that Rev. Charles Conklin, formerly of Chicago, has lately been appointed state missionary of Massachusetts, having resigned his pastorate at Shawmut.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has an article in the *Ninteenth Century* in which he warns the Established Church that it would do wisely to set its house in order against the day of disestablishment. For the course of civilization, he says, is in this direction.

ONE of the daily papers tells the following story: A Macon, Mo., minister has some erring lambs in his flock that wander off on Sunday excursions occasionally. This is from his prayer in a recent service: "O Lord, we pray that the excursion train going east on the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad this morning may not run off the track and kill any church members that may be on board. Church members on Sunday excursions are not in condition to die," etc.

WE learn from the report of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society in the *Christian Register*, that Rev. W. W. Fenn, who is the author of a manual on the Book of Luke for Sunday-school use, is to prepare a work of similar nature on the Book of Acts. It will, says the *Register*, "portray the formative period of the early Christian Church, and will explain from the point of view of modern Biblical criticism one of the least understood books of the whole New Testament."

A BUST of Matthew Arnold was recently unveiled in the baptistery of Westminster Abbey. Previous to the ceremony the friends of the late poet and the subscribers to the memorial assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber, where the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, delivered an address. Among those present were Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. R. Arnold, Lady Coleridge, Lord Hannen, and the Rt. Hon. John Morley. Lord Coleridge spoke eloquently of the genius of the poet and essayist.

IN this day of busy activity among synods and other representative theological organizations, it is interesting to note what one of our exchanges points out, that the second synod of Massachusetts met at Cambridge in 1646, and was not dissolved until 1648. The synod composed and adopted a system of church discipline called the "Cambridge Platform," and recommended it with the Westminster confession of faith to the general court and to the churches. The latter in New England generally complied with the recommendation.

IT is announced that Mr. Howells' new novel will not go to the Harpers, but that it has been bought by *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Mr. Howell has been induced to make this change of publishers for his next novel because of the financial inducements offered by the *Journal* management, and of the enormous audience which his work will command through this periodical. The story is one distinctly for girls, and will portray the life of a Western girl in New York City.

A PROTESTANT merchant in Burscherd, not far from Aix-la-Chapelle, the State Counselor Oscar Erkens, is the sole manufacturer of the regulation robe for the Roman Catholic Cardinals. For one hundred and fifty years the firm of which he is now the head, and which he inherited from his father and grandfather, has been in possession of the secret of dyeing these garments their characteristic red color, as also of the manufacture of the cloth. In this way a Protestant firm has had the monopoly of making these robes for a century and a half and is undoubtedly the oldest firm patronized by the Vatican.

WE are told that Lord Tennyson is president of a society of which the Princess Christina is secretary, called the Selborne Society. Its object is to preserve animals, wild birds, and plants from unnecessary destruction; to discourage the wearing and use for ornament of birds and their plumage, excepting in case of ostriches, which are reared for their feathers, and especially to prevent shooting and trapping of birds by dealers in plumage and skins. In one little leaflet headed "Don't," issued by this society, we are reminded that everybody who wears a bird contributes to the yearly sacrifice of thirty or forty millions of humming birds, sun-birds, orioles, robins, sea-gulls, etc. Another leaflet is devoted to the cruelty of wearing ospreys. They come from the egrets and the smaller sort of heron in the spring and breeding season. The old birds are deliberately killed while feeding their young, which are thus left to starve in their nests by hundreds in order that these aigrettes may be supplied to the fashionable world.

Contributed and Selected.

To C. W. C.

ORIIT, NOV. 14, 1881.

Cyrus, I walk with thee,
Now October's tent is struck,
While the keen wind twists the tree,
And the shagbark cracks the shuck.
Thou wert fruits, nuts and wine;
In deeds thy spirit spoke:
Polish fibre was thine,
Rockmaple and oak!

Tough and sturdy and sound,
Man on whom men might lean;
Keener than scent of hound
Thy scorn of aught false or unclean:
Quick to all that aspires,
Quicker to breathings of pain,
And brighter, more winsome, than household fires
Seen through nights of November rain.

Polish fibre indeed;
And the years but rubbed it down
With toil and trial and deed,
Till its gleam was golden brown:
Rugged and solid as rock,
Rock where mosses and lichens played;
Oh, thou man, the pride of the flock,
Man with voice and eyes of a maid!

H. C. B.

Gore Hall, Nov. 7, 1891.

Faith of a Unitarian Layman.

I believe that religion is a revelation from God to man, coming through the unfolding of human faculties. It has been limited to no one age or race. It is limited in the case of each individual by his own capacity to receive it. I believe that this revelation comes through reason and conscience and all human experience.

I believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and of many other books, and the best evidence of their inspiration is that they inspire the readers of them.

I believe that this stupendous universe, with all its countless millions of suns and systems of worlds, is a unit under one system of immutable laws. I believe that this same universe is governed by a system of spiritual laws under infinite love, and these laws are all convertible into one. I believe that immutable law and infinite love are one—God.

I believe that man is a development under this two in one principle—God—and is a finite type of God.

I believe that society is a unit; the highest good of each individual being the highest good of all.

I believe that religion is a unit in origin, having its origin in man's consciousness of powers above himself and a desire to establish better relations with those powers.

I believe that science and religion are a unit, it being the mission of science to reveal truth, and of religion to embrace and practice truth so revealed.

I believe that all bibles are a unit in origin, all being a record of man's religious experience and growth in his struggle to get nearer to God; that all began as literature, and grew sacred with the ages; that all are valuable, though not equally so; and I try to believe that they are but parts of one world-Bible now in the making, in which the truths of each shall live forever because of the eternal life which is in them, and in which the errors of each shall die a natural death for want of nutriment.

I believe that true religion and true ethics are a unit, and may be expressed in a single sentence: Have a soul full of love, and act naturally.

I believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the highest religious teacher that has yet appeared. I believe that he saw infinite love in all things, even in human suffering; yea, more, in the suffering of so insignificant a creature as a sparrow or a worm. I believe that he felt in his inmost soul that he was one with God, and taught that to be one with God we must be like God in unfeigned love for all, both the evil and the good, and especially our neighbor (that is one having a want in our power to supply) as ourselves.

I believe that God's natural laws are founded in righteousness, and work out man's highest possible good.

I believe that human suffering is indispensable to human development, and therefore reconcilable with the thought of infinite knowledge, love and power.

I believe that the holy spirit of love pervades the universe, and is felt and realized by those at perfect oneness with God.

I believe that man in his present state of development has two natures: one an animal nature, pointing him downward to the animal through whom he has been developed, and the other a spiritual nature, pointing him upwards to God, towards whom he is developing. When the animal nature predominates he has all the discord of hell within him, and when the love nature predominates he is in heaven on earth.

I believe that all the religious virtues are the natural spontaneous outgrowth of a soul whose higher nature predominates, and that all the vices are the natural outgrowth of a soul whose lower nature predominates.

I believe that the Devil is the personification of evil.

I believe that the best test of true religion is a faithful, pure, dutiful, self-sacrificing life; and yet that an unwavering faith in harmony with facts is a stepping-stone to such a life.

I believe that the judgment day is a perpetual succession of events, which, under God's righteous laws, work out a just retribution for every deed, whether good or evil.

I believe that eternal punishment, or any punishment other than for the good of the punished, is totally irreconcilable with infinite goodness, love and mercy.

I believe in the atonement (at-one-ment), and that every one is a co-operator with Jesus in the at-one-ment who leads his fellow-men to unity with God. I believe that the death of Jesus is a testimony to the exaltedness of his character, but that it has no connection whatever with my guilt or innocence.

I believe that the word "miracle" is merely another word for an unknown law of nature.

I believe that man should "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" by doing justice, loving mercy, truth and purity, and walking humbly before God, and that he should remember every other day in the week for the same purpose; and I believe that man's constitution and the constitution of working animals requires periodical rest, and that good of society requires periodical public rest days for the culture of man's social and religious nature and for relaxation from the monotonous routine of every day life.

I believe that the impulse in man to pray is a God-given impulse that can not be crushed without detriment to man's highest good, and I believe that a true prayer can not by any possibility go unanswered in its legitimate effects. I believe that a true prayer is independent of all postures and of any words. I believe that the proper place to pray is in the most secret chambers of our souls, where we may always find God concealed. I believe that the object of true prayer is to hold communion with God and give ourselves wholly up to him. Among the things to be prayed for are, light to see whatever bears on our duty, and faith and courage, and patience to perform it at all costs and all hazards, and love to our fellow-men that will keep us in a kind, generous, loving spirit towards them and ready to forgive the wrongs they have done us, and a sense of justice to our dumb fellow creatures that will prompt us to render them all their rights, which in their helplessness they can not demand. Prayers, I say, of this kind never fail to be helpful.

I believe that neighbor, in a Christian sense, is one having a want in our power of supply; and since we have mutual wants and mutual power of supplying wants we are all neighbors. I believe that the deepest, heartfelt want of humanity is human sympathy, and that is what it is in the power of every one to bestow. I believe that it behooves us to learn more of each other and realize how largely our happiness will thus be advanced.

I believe that whatever may be man's final destiny he can never by any possibility lose touch with immutable law and infinite love.

I believe in God the Immutable Law and Infinite Love, Almighty Developer of the universe; and in my fellow-man, finite type of the infinite God, developing under God from a lower form of life, suffering under necessary laws of development, dying daily and rising again; and that he will finally rise above the dominion of sin and ignorance into a purer and happier state. I believe in the holy spirit of love, the holy universal fellowship of man, the forgiveness of each other's sins, the practice of righteousness, and in life eternal. Amen!—*From a printed statement by A. H. Winbish, of St. Paul, Minn. Published by request.*

A Query for Unity Clubs.

In Edward P. Jackson's essay on "Character Building," recently published in the volume "Conduct as a a Fine Art," there appears on pages 107 and 108 the following dialogue:

"*Dr. Dix.* Yes, scholars, most happily for us, things tell the truth,—they are what they seem.

Helen Mar. Longfellow says quite the opposite."

Is this a correct interpretation of the first stanza in the "Psalm of Life"? Where does the grammatical object of the verb "tell" end? In the last two lines is the poet expressing his own view or that which he is combating?

H. D. M.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Life of Christopher Columbus. By Edward Everett Hale. Chicago: G. L. Howe & Co.

This is one of what is likely to be a large number of books of similar character and purpose, elicited by the coming World's Fair. The authorship is a sufficient proof of its interest and value, and its publication by a Chicago firm is suitable. The work is compiled from the letters and journals of Columbus and other contemporary documents. The writer has kept more carefully within the lines of his special subject, giving us the personal narrative of the great explorer, without attempting, after the manner of more pretentious works, to include the entire history of his age and country. Mr. Hale finds a number of myths surrounding the home of Columbus, as every great hero of the past. He omits these from his sketch, purposely. During his short visit to Spain in 1882 he was favored by the Spanish government with as many facilities for the study of his subject as the time would permit. The book is illustrated, and contains a reprint of the Jefferson copy of the Florence portrait of Columbus, as frontispiece.

Last Words—A Final Collection of Stories. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Published by Roberts Brothers. Boston: Price, $1.25.

There are twelve stories in this attractive book, with Mrs. Ewing's portrait on the cover, as she sits with her writing tablet on her knee "making a story." The last story in the book is the best one she wrote, and is unfinished, the others are complete.

Children and grown people love Mrs. Ewing's stories because they are so quaint, so true to nature, and always a help towards "better things." This collection opens with "Mary's Meadow," and most people think that is the sweetest thing she ever wrote; and it has certainly been wide-reaching in its influence and incentive power, as the preface of the book shows.

Next in attractiveness is the story called "Sunflowers and a Rushlight," which was published in *The Christian Register* some years ago. The other stories are shorter and interesting in a different way; and perhaps "Letters from a Little Garden," can hardly be called a story, but is a valuable follower of "Mary's Meadow."

Any one wishing to give a book to half-grown boys or girls will do well to choose this one of Mrs. Ewing's.

J. S.

Periodicals.

IN a notice of Dr. Hale's Life of James Freeman Clarke, the *Andover Review* for October says that "a certain lack of cogency and the most trifling touch of corporate self-complacency show the Unitarian." Judged by such standards, Prof. Gulliver, who has not hitherto been reckoned among the heretics, will soon have Joseph Cook and other heresy-smellers in full bay at his heels, for his article in the same number upon "Is Christ the Sufficient Creed of Christianity?" ostensibly a review of "a sententious volume by Dr. McKenzie bearing the sententious title, "Christ Himself," displays "a *certain* lack of cogency" which, according to his fellow-contributor, shows him a Unitarian of the deepest dye. It would indeed be difficult to find anywhere a more conspicuous example of muddy inconclusiveness than in the article referred to, although it is only fair to say that from the extracts given, one is inclined to suspect that the professor has never read the preacher and that Dr. McKenzie is guiltless of much here attributed to him. It is cheering to read in Prof. Tucker's opening address at Andover Theological Seminary that the authority of the Bible does not lie in its infallibility but in "the manifest presence of God in its pages" and "*conforms exactly to the sense of sacredness which in varying degrees in different parts they inspire.*" Of the other papers in this number, that by D. W. C. Duncan on "The Cherokee Outlet" is quite the most important, although Rev. Stewart Means, in "Criticism versus Ecclesiasticism," gives a clear account of Newman's logical processes, and Rev. E. Blakeslee writing upon "An Advance Step in Sunday-school Bible Study," criticises severely and justly the International Lessons, and presents a scheme of lessons on the Apostolic Church which has the merit of combining the Pauline Epistles, taken in chronological order, with the book of Acts.

WE regret that the *Unitarian Review* for October in some way became misplaced on our editorial table, and escaped the usual notice in our columns. The November number opens with a critical essay by Dr. Bartol on the late volume of posthumous sermons by Frederick Henry Hedge: "Whether Dr. Hedge writes a treatise or a discourse for the desk, he is in his language always conscientious and concise . . . . The prose of Dr. Hedge has such fitness and force in his selection of terms that by no alteration or omission could the fabric he weaves be improved." W. H. writes on "Salutary Asceticism," urging that our desire "be to shorten the list of what we conceive to be indispensable to our existence." Prof. E. P. Evans has an essay on "Mind in Man and Brute." Prof. Gould writes on "Resurrection from the Dead." Reminding us that the flower is now known to be but "a shortened branch, its petals only transformed leaves," Prof. Gould ends his essay with a question: "Why may not we be a shortened branch of the gigantic reptiles of the past, our hands and eyes and brain transformed leaves from the brute creation, to produce the final seed of the great century plant, the soul, which shall be wafted in the sleep of death across a still wider sea to a still fairer strand?" Albert Walkley contributes an article entitled, "A Call to the Ministry." The editor discusses "The Coming Religion" and "Ethics in the Common School."

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

The Lady of the Lake. Laurel Crowned Series. By Sir Walter Scott. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 270. Price, $1.00

Divine Life and Healing. By Eugene Hatch. Chicago: Christian Science Pub. Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 178.

Mme. de Stael. By Albert Sorel, Trans. by Fanny Hale Gardiner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co, Cloth, 16mo, pp. 262. Price, $1.00.

The Study Class. By Anna B. McMahan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 276. Price $1.00.

Charles Auchester. 2 vols. By Eliz. Sheppard. Trans. by Geo. P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co, Cloth, 12mo, pp. 314. Price $2.50.

Selected Studies. By Opie Read. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 194. Price $1.00.

The Crisis in Morals. By J. T. Bixby. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 315. Price, $1.00.

A Lost Hero. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. Boston: Roberts Brother. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 74. Price, $1.50.

Dictionary of Chicago. With Map. Chicago: Frank M. Morris. Paper, 16mo. Price, 25 cents.

Lyrics of the Living Church. By C. W. Leffingwell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 275. Price $1.50.

Church Door Pulpit.

Reason's Call to the Unconverted.

PREACHED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT QUINCY, ILL., BY REV. C. F. BRADLEY.

"And the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I shall shew thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing."—*Gen. 12: 1-2.*

As I sat in the Town Hall at Saratoga looking out upon the vast throng eagerly engaged in the work of the recent Unitarian convention, I saw for the first time since I have been a minister of the church the faint glimmer on the horizon of a daybreak of which I have long been dreaming and for which I have long been looking.

Through the twenty years of my work, as I have mingled with men, and felt the pulse of public sentiment, and taxed my wits to give the pulpit effectiveness, and harness it to the working world, I have been annoyed by the consciousness that by reason of traditional conditions, strong as adamant and immovable, the profession of preaching is an antiquated institution, practically shorn of power and usefulness. I have felt that the preacher is a survival, existing by the sufferance of society out of respect for the eminent function which he has filled in other times. I have not seen that he is greatly wanted, beyond the service he is able to render in making Sunday entertaining for those who wish to be entertained. It has humiliated me to see how little in touch with the everyday issues of our busy world my profession, by reason of its inevitable characteristics, is able to get. The physician, the lawyer, the trader, the blacksmith, the cotton-weaver, are daily wanted, here and now; and the demands, ever new and varied, which human necessities press upon them, stimulate them to increasing skill and a burning ardor of present usefulness. Aside from the occasional funeral or wedding and the conventional Sunday homily, which may be as empty of sense and substance as the husks of last year's corn-field, the preacher's office is one of dignified and respectable unimportance. The superstitious and those belated in the romantic mysticism of the Middle Ages, still have an awe of the priestly prerogative for which the title, "reverend," stands; but the hard-handed workers of the world, of all classes, shrug their shoulders contemptuously at the preacher, as much as to say: "Useful, perhaps, at the afternoon teas of the ladies, but we will throw mud at him if he ventures with his dainty ways into the moil and toil of our rough strife."

I have intimated that this lack of touch with practical human affairs is due to immovable traditional conditions which hedge in and unfit the pulpit to be a competent worker and leader in the existing issues of society. It is no fault of ours that we preachers are accounted as bric-a-brac, and ranked with the æsthetics, with the pictures and pottery, with the belles-letters and opera, with which society beguiles its tedium and gratifies its taste. The fault lies with the church. The pulpit can not be self-dependent and stride off upon a career of its own shaping. It is an institution within an institution, receiving its spirit, its ideals, its methods from the organization which surrounds it with ligatures of custom and gives it breath. If we preachers are not in touch with humanity as we ought to be, it is because the church, which makes us what we are, is itself not in touch with humanity. If I have been annoyed by the sensation of being boxed up by the traditional customs of my profession, as a relic which it is not quite decorous to consign to the attic, I have been quite as uncomfortably oppressed by the fact that the church, which is the most imposing institution of modern times, is so far behind-hand in taking on the advancing ideals of progress, and is so culpably unworthy of the Christian civilization which has created it. Broken up into belligerent sects, which flaunt their several pagan shibboleths in each others faces and make the new-time doctrines of human brotherhood absolutely ineffectual, which are on fire with quenchless jealousies and buried with plans and enterprises to keep their worn-out traditions prominent before the world and maintain a position and prestige in society, which are indifferently concerned with the vital questions of politics and economics and character that seethe in the structure of modern life, and indisposed to develop the habits of mind that can solve the questions, and the ethics that can take hold of human struggle and bring a world-pervading peace and happiness out of it, the Church is too late by a century to be of service to the time that now is; and I have dreamed of a coming church that in its ideals and methods shall be fully up to date, and fitted to be to the twentieth century what the Church of the Reformation was to the sixteenth century; that shall dismantle the old fortifications and abandon the business of fighting for dogmas, there being no longer any dogmas which the world is interested in fighting about; that shall organize and put into world-compelling efficiency the spirit of brotherhood which is abroad, permeating all strata of society, and needing but the strong, wise hand of Reason to make it productive of unlimited human goodness and gladness; that shall be broadly democratic as humanity has come to be democratic, and shall set up the commonwealth of free, enlightened manhood; that shall marshal the intellectual and ethical and philanthropic forces of society, and march boldly into the struggle of the industrial world, subdue the wrong and injustice filling it with violence, settle the economic questions that are upheaving in revolution and anarchy, and stir men to following the nobler ideals which fill life with the glow of divinity.

This was the dream which I saw reddening toward the sunrise in the convention at Saratoga.

It was a body clearly marked by all the characteristics of the Church which human progress is demanding to-day.

We were the assembled representatives of the various religious bodies of Christendom—Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic. Three-fourths of our number had been reared and trained in their communions and the remaining fourth was removed by but a generation or so. We had mastered the curriculum of Orthodoxy, were thoroughly familiar with its history and scope, had lived and worked in all of its ideals. All the excellencies of the great churches we knew and all of their shortcomings. The Methodists among us were graduates of Methodism, the Presbyterians of Presbyterianism, and each one bore a strong, sympathetic loyalty towards his *alma mater*.

We were the completest, fullest product of the religious development of humanity. The old churches, indeed, regard us as recreant and renegade, but that is because they so imperfectly understand the ways of the Holy Spirit, and consequently are incapable of judging us accurately and justly. We brought into that Town Hall the highest spiritual power and the widest knowledge of the eternal truths that are moving in the destiny of man. The long road over which the Church has journeyed through the centuries we had traveled, every inch of it, and had explored its every nook and corner. We were familiar with all the workings of the complicated machinery of the religious nature, familiar with all the changing phases of religious expression, springing out of the advancing stages of human intelligence. We were where we could see the ideal human character that is the final fruit of the struggle of civilization, full of grace and truth, marred by no blemishes of ignorance, and dominated by Godlike Reason.

We were radically undogmatic. Not one of us but had an elaborate creed of his own, and no two individual creeds there would probably agree together; but we had come to see clearly that the object of the Church is not to propagate fallible human opinions concerning the unknown verities of existence, but to help men to live wisely and well, and to attain to the understanding and spiritual strength which will enable each to find the everlasting truth for himself. We had done with dogma as the means to organize the moral and spiritual energies of human nature, and the hour was aglow with the young bounding life of the Church that is founded on the divine sanctities of human goodness and human need.

We enjoyed a perfected fellowship. With great diversity of opinion, without the necessity of trespassing upon or compromising individual opinions, we had formed a common platform in a common aim. Realizing vividly that the standard to hold up, the distinctive purpose to work for as the organized mission of the Church, is not to magnify the Calvinistic philosophy, or the Hegelian philosophy, or the philosophy of Spencer, or the philosophy of Channing, but to increase human intelligence, that men may better understand life; to magnify the human conscience, that they may use life more nobly, to set up in regal authority the spirit of good-will that they may find life's sweeter enjoyment, we found ourselves of one mind, agreed together on a Church ideal to which each could give his unhesitating assent, and to the prosecution of which all could work, moved by a common inspiration, and looking and living toward a common goal. We had solved the problem of unity of action, the problem which the churches are everywhere trying to solve. It can be solved in no other way than as we have done it. Just as long as the denominations make their distinctive theologies the object they exist for as churches, they can never realize church unity. Rationalism must first do its sanctifying work in them, must enlighten them to see the baseless assumptions which they credulously have taken for truth, must dismantle their dogmas of the prerogative of infallibility, must quicken them to see that as men everywhere have but one common thing to live for, and that is, the well-ordered, well-filled happy life, so churches can have but one common thing to work for, and that is the well-ordered, well-filled, joyous life. Whatever progress toward church unity is making, is by fulfillment of these imperative conditions. Its spirit shows itself only in those churches that have ceased to care greatly for their dogmas. It is only because they are blind that they still fail to see that the church unity of which they dream can only be brought to pass, as we liberal people have found it, by the renunciation of dogma as the organizing instrument of church life.

We had brought religion fully up to date, and had a thorough knowledge of the times we live in and their needs. Among us were students of every phase of social science, philanthropists and humanitarians skilled in interpreting the vital problems of the hour. Our high, rational altitude put us in touch with the mighty passion of human struggle, and we could see the far-reaching, tireless laws throbbing in the framework of society, and in slow, stern measure increasing the divine destiny of man. We were a church, the latest, ripest movement in historic Christianity, organized on the humanities, emancipated from the outworn ideals which obstruct the efficiency of the older churches, charged with the most vigorous brain-force which progress has evolved, qualified to lead society to the rational solution of its problems, and to the plane of a higher civilization.

Now I have a message for the people of to-day, and especially for the young men and women who are warm with ardor and deep in the strife of this busy, boisterous generation.

You have left the land of your fathers, have forsaken all the traditional gods of your father's home. The old religion, the old religious ideals, that were so sacred in former times, that held the men and women of yore in awe, that drew unfailing reverence and a service which, at whatever sacrifices, never languished, you have wholly departed from. Sunday, with its rigid observances has lapsed from your respect; it has come to be a holiday and nothing more, bereft of its old-time sanctity. The long sonorous doctrines that thrilled the former generation and resounded as echoes of Jehovah's thunderous mandates, have dissolved in the silence of the world's buried myths. You are estranged from the world-old church. Even if you have not broken with its historic associations, even if you frequent the sanctuary where your fathers worshiped, and contributed a formal support to the institutions which have been handed down to you, your heart is not there; you have no interest in your service beyond the enforced obligation of custom; your piety is an indolent attachment to venerable relics, not the burning soul-worship of high and holy ideals. But most of you have broken with the associations. You are not only estranged from the doctrines and insensible to the spell of the old-time ideals,—you have thrown off the bonds of custom, of obligation, of attachment; you are churchless. Sunday has no Sabbath voices for you; your feet cross the threshold of no sanctities; no hours come to you heavy with the uplift of the soul's deep divinity. For you the path of faith, that has wound like an Alpine path through the ascending centuries, and been beaten hard by the footsteps of the toiling, sorrowing generations, has abruptly, come to an end. You have lost from your view the infinite virtues that have glowed in the convictions of humanity and kindled its ever-changing religion with the passion of eternal life.

Shall I surprise you if I say that this departure from the venerable church into which you have wandered, that this break with religion's historic ideals upon which you have fallen, is the movement of religion's eternal spirit in your advancing, God-filled destiny? You have forsaken the old sanctities, obedient to the same voice that led Abram to renounce the divinities of Chaldea. In your experience you are but repeating history. It is the voice of Reason, God's highest voice in the human soul, that is alienating you from your fathers' church, as it sent Abram from the church of his fathers in the world's far-away morning. That ancient Hebrew knew all that you know of degrading superstition, of dead traditions, of soulless dogmas, of irrational ceremonies, of worn-out religion. In Reason's holy name he proudly withdrew, as you have done, his allegiance from what had become false and full of hypocrisy. He might further, as you are doing, have stopped there, in that attitude of passive disaffection and negation. He might have stayed in the neighborhood of the old dead

faith, obsequiously have conformed outwardly to its traditions, have given it a beggarly, heartless support, secretly sneering at its stupidities and its grossness. He might have fallen into cynical contempt for the name of religion, have turned his back on all the high ideals which appeal to the spiritual and ethical soul of humanity, have seen nothing holy, nothing eternal and divine in the tremendous heart-agony of human struggle. He might have settled into a cold and desolating materialism, have valued the world only for the money to be made and the ambitions to be fulfilled in it, and have pursued such a life of enjoyment as he might find in the wealthy and luxurious civilizations of Chaldea. He might have chosen his immediate selfish pleasure, and *have strangled the Hebrew nation in its new, world-uplifting religion, there in its cradle.*

But not so. You may well listen to-day to the word of that ancient rationalism which fired the plains of Palestine with a purer, more potent faith. The same voice of reason that led Abram to renounce the old, led him to espouse the new. *Religion he did not lose in the loss of loyalty to his fathers' church.* The eternal sanctities of destiny he never forsook. Humanity, that could no longer find force in the old ideals, needed his broader, higher thought. In his brain was rising the more rational church, that would lift society out of its brutal barbarism. It was not enough that he was emancipated, the voice of the coming church bade him go forth and emancipate. Reason rang in his ear the soul-stirring words, "Be thou a blessing," and he went, creating the ideals of his rational faith into a new civilization, and humanity was blest.

You, in stopping where you are, content with renouncing the old, reluctant to take hold and set up something new and better for the help of the world, interested only in securing personal enjoyment without sacrifice, are recreant to the high voice of Reason that has emancipated you.

Your cold, cynical laughter at the worn-out foibles of religion may help to hurry them into hiding; but it is not a blessing. You are far short of being what the liberating voice of Reason means you to be. You are out of touch with the transcendent virtues streaming in the endless destiny of man. Wherever I meet you, on the street, in the shop where you are busy with your toil or your wares, on the railway hurrying to some golden opportunity, in the hotel lobby where the evening finds you gathering up the day's ambitious hours, I see the marks of your materialism in your face. You are not only a man of the world, as you ought to be, but your demeanor wears the hard features of the sordid, sensuous world, enlivened by no glow of fine and lofty ideals. You have not the luminous and gracious bearing of high and generous thinking. Your energy, proudly successful as it is in building up your schemes, is hostile and cruel as it strikes into the teeming strife of the world. You are insensible to the infinite distresses of ignorant, sinning humanity. Problems of amelioration, of amendment of wrongs, do not interest you. More deeply than you know are you estranged from the heroic, wonderful, divine, world-destiny of man, unacquainted with its sublime story, uninspired by the glowing revelations of truth and reason, and goodness which have led it on to increasing enlightenment and liberty and happiness.

This is spiritual abortion. Reason is outraged by your failure to move on, and set up religious power and more rational ideals. The spirit of truth has not emancipated you to make a buccaneer of you, but to make of you the builder of a better world. You may be certain that all the finest powers of your nature are arrested, and your career misdirected if you stand outside the path of human good, and out of touch with the divine inspirations throbbing in human struggle. You may be certain that Reason has not crowned you with rational liberty just to make you an alien from the commonwealth of man. Your rational liberty has been given you that with stronger hand and wider wisdom and sturdier heroism you may forward man on his way to freedom and life. The voice of Reason calls you to the fellowship of the Religion of Humanity. It summons you to create, to uphold, to put world-conquering vigor into a church whose framework is built out of the eternal verities of human destiny; whose ideals, enriched with the gathered goodness of the ages, are vital with the freshest thinking and the highest living of to-day; whose aims reach out beneficently to lay hold of present human need; whose institutions can spread the uplifting light of wisdom over the world and can weave the strong sinews of righteousness through the structure of society.

I speak by authority of Reason, the voice which has lain behind the message of every prophet from Jesus down, when I summon you to loyal, burning fealty to the church which to-day is rising out of the inspirations of the liberal faith. On the way to it, having left religion's old sanctities behind, it is awaiting you, fully equipped with the new religion's sanctities, and needing but your consecrated energy and ardent faith to give to its ideals a world up-lifting efficacy. Not as a pauper by the roadside stretching out to you a beggar's hand, but as a leader, a Luther, it stands at the front of the coming Zion, stretching its hand towards the mighty issues of present human struggle, and bidding you follow.

Why are not the liberal preachers more in touch with men, it is asked. It is no fault of ours, no fault of the church whose gospel we voice. The fault lies with the men and women who are not only dead to the old sanctities, but dead to the new sanctities of religion, who stand afar off, silent and passive, in an attitude of armed neutrality, as deaf to the inspiring gospel of Reason as to the sepulchral echoes of outworn superstition. What we liberal preachers need to put us in touch with men, is not a better gospel—we have the noblest God's word ever yet voiced by human reason—but strong, zealous men and women behind us, who are in touch with the truths that are working out the living issues of society. We need a pulpit that is backed up by the power of numbers, and by organized institutions. We need effective instrumentalities by which to reach far out into public sentiment, to awaken popular intelligence and to quicken popular conscience to see and feel the inspired authority of our God's word. *We need a sympathetic atmosphere to work in.* If the great astronomer, Flammarion, were to come among us to talk astronomy would he be in touch with men? Ignorant of astronomy, utterly indifferent to its noble themes, to its majestic laws, to its abstruse premise, would not the speaker's learned and eloquent speech roll off upon the empty air and never find us? If the astronomer would reveal to us the sublime grandeur of his science, must we not create a sympathetic atmosphere for him to work in, an interest in astronomy, a reasonable acquaintance with its principles, an intellectual competency to see and feel the weight and beauty of the speaker's utterance? We liberal preachers need a sympathetic atmosphere. You ambitious, world-mastering people are shy of our word. You shrug your shoulders skeptically, as if to question if this work-a-day world has any use for it. Listen! We liberal preachers have the word of the world's uplift, of society's emancipation from disorder and violence. You are engaged in a conflict the end of which you can not foresee; you are burdened with problems which baffle you and sometimes fill you with terror. We liberal preachers see farther into that conflict than you are seeing, and can tell you matters relating to those problems of which you do not dream. By reason of our habits of mind, of our painstaking investigations, of our scientific method, of our judicial temper, of our acquaintance with the tremendous ethical and spiritual forces arising in human evolution, we liberal preachers are fitted, as no other class, to interpret the infinite, immutable laws of nature working in human struggle, to expose the dangers and fallacies with which well-meant but ignorant enthusiasts imperil social order, to point out the way that society is bound to go, and to set up the ideals on which the coming welfare of mankind depends. It is our work. It is the ministry that fires our word. Give us a sympathetic atmosphere, men and women to speak to whose hearts throb with the woundings of the strife in the world abroad, whose brains burn with the anxieties and the hopes, with the agonies and the ardor of our teeming modern life, who are stirred with the passion of human welfare and eagerly looking to discover the right way, and you shall see if our word fails to get in touch with vital human affairs. The arena of human struggle reveals more to us than it does to you who are absorbed in its ambitions and greedy of its gains. We are finding powers of progress and laws that weave their web over the whole course of time, in events common and trivial, which you pass unnoticed. What eloquence burns in our speech is kindled by eternal truths that slumber in all the contentions of society, in all the weaknesses and frailties of men, in all the hardships and discontents and sicknesses that becloud the vision of human good; and if we speak to people who care nothing for the august social destiny that is making, who have no enthusiasm in searching the hidden mystery of progress, we speak in an atmosphere that chokes us, and and our word of life dies on our lips.

A few years since I made the acquaintance of a brilliant, powerful, young business man. By his genius and indefatigable industry he was building a marked career. He was an honest man and sincere, and the stern training of his practical life put him out of sympathy with all shams and unrealities. He belonged to the class of the churchless. He had been reared in the orthodox faith, but its idols, when he came to reflect upon them, repelled him, and he turned his back on church-going. Sunday became a holiday, to be given to fishing or business, as his fancy moved him.

Two years ago he fell in with our Unitarian church. Its simple straight forward ideals, its reasonable faith, its sincere religion, attracted him and appealed to his manliness. He investigated it, became enamored of it, espoused it, put the same dauntless enthusiasm in it that he put in his business.

It was a new world to him. Getting thoroughly into its spirit and becoming imbued with its principles, he was led, a changed, fuller, stronger man, into finding a grander meaning in life. To-day he is in the ardor of high ideals. A large Bible-class gathers about him every Sunday immersed in the absorbing story of man and his destiny. Great themes of truth burn in his brain and kindle his contenance to a glow. The voices of humanity from every side reach him and rouse him, and his words and deeds, enforced by his indefatigable energy, are working at the great problems of human welfare. The world of his daily life is pervaded by the atmosphere of his loyal faith, of his truth-seeking ardor: and in that atmosphere the word of rational religion fails never to get in touch with men.

In his story I have told you the secret of the success of the Unitarian faith. It is the world-old secret, that since Abram's day has lain at the heart of human uplift, invisible and indomitable; the voice of Reason, speaking in the deep convictions of the tens of thousands of men and women of all classes in society who have lost the power and reality of the old religion, and bidding them seek the new, put to it the high endeavor of loyal fealty, and make it speak to the needy world its word of blessing.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Notes from the Field.

Lincoln, Neb.—The Nebraska Conference opened at this place Wednesday evening, Nov. 4. Mr. Skinner, the new minister of the new society, gave a cordial welcome to delegates and friends, and extended his remarks into an address on the enthusiasms which are germane to our ideas and purposes. Mr. Powell gave a discourse on "Unitarian Aims." Mr. Mann, of Omaha, followed with a word about our "Methods," which he thought were legitimate to our principles, and, though different from the methods of the sects about us, not to be apologized for. Mr. Black, of Topeka, spoke on "The Results of the Unitarian Movement," which he found encouraging, and closed with an earnest appeal for a more hearty devotion to the cause.

Thursday morning, after a devotional meeting, lacking somewhat in spontaneity, the business session of the conference was held, Mr. Henry E. Lewis, of Lincoln, in the chair. Reports of churches were called for, of which we have not space to give further details. Mrs. Mary Wallace, of Omaha, then read a paper on Post Office Mission work. Mr. Todd delivered a discourse in the afternoon on the question, "What is the Chief End of Man." The doctrine was elaborated that growth is the chief end of man. In attaining his development man fulfills the purpose for which he was made, Mr. A. W. Connett, a new-comer among us, gave what he called his reasons for coming, which appeared to consist in a strong repugnance to the old theology. Mr. Howland read a paper on "The Hard Sayings Imputed to Jesus." He called in question the authenticity of these sayings, and took the ground that, if authentic, they were not to be accepted as good doctrine.

Thursday evening Mr. Henry E. Lewis, of the Lincoln church, spoke a welcome word for the new movement, showing the place it ought to fill in a university town. Superior music was furnished from the Conservatory. The sermon was preached by Mr. Forbush, a right noble utterance on "Our Liberal Gospel."

After a devotional meeting led by Rev. Grindall Reynolds Friday morning, the Conference entered upon the discussion of practical church methods, beginning with a paper by Mrs. Weeks on Sunday-schools. Mrs. Weeks is one of the few who have the incommunicable gift for Sunday-school work. Lincoln is to be congratulated on having her services, and some envious expressions were heard from the other parishes. Mr. W. S. Curtis, of Omaha, read a paper on "The Literary Club. As the Conference voted to give this a wider circulation in print no abstract need be attempted here. Miss Schwab, of Lincoln, gave an appreciative account of Guilds formed for young people in so many of our churches.

At half past two Prof. Fling, of the State University at Lincoln, read an excellent paper on "Evolution in Religion," tracing the development of the religious sentiment in races and individuals. Mr. Mann discoursed on "The Last Word in Ethics: Has It Been Spoken?" easily proving that it has not. One of the best things offered was an essay by Mrs. H. P. Lewis, of Omaha, on "Reformative Influence of Fiction." This, too, was captured by the printer, but it should be put in more permanent form than the columns of a daily newspaper. Mr. H. W. Brown, of the Universalist church of Lincoln, gave his idea of the "Union of Unitarians and Universalists." Mr. Brown thinks that organic union is neither possible nor desirable; that it is better for both bodies to work separately but fraternally. If all of both orders had the breadth and liberality of Mr. Brown the union would be virtual and actual whether nominal or not

A business meeting followed and reorganization of the Nebraska Conference took place. There are but three Unitarian churches in the state, those at Omaha, Lincoln and Beatrice, but several Universalist churches will doubtless join in our gatherings. A resolution was passed calling on the directors of the Columbian Exposition to keep the gates open on Sunday.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds made the closing address at 8 o'clock, and we broke up with pleasant memories of Lincoln and the first meeting of the resuscitated Conference.

Washington, D. C.—We have received a copy of the Plan of Study for the Emerson "Ought" Club of the People's Church of Washington for 1891-'92. The general subject is "The Philosophy of Duty; or First Principles in Ethics and Religion," subdivided as follows: First topic.—"Spiritual and Moral Essence: The Soul." Second topic.—"The Infinite Spirit: The Oversoul." Third topic.—"Religion; Worship; Prayer; Revelation." Fourth topic.—"Basis of the Ought: The Voice of Duty." Fifth topic.—"The Personal Ought: The Duty of Man to Man." Sixth topic.—"The Social Ought: Man and the State." Seventh topic.—"Comparative Ethics." The outline of treatment of each topic is given along with an apt quotation from Emerson, whose thought and word stamp the plan from beginning to end.

St. Cloud, Minn.—The semi-annual meeting of the Minnesota Unitarian Conference was held at this place October 29th and 30th. Thursday evening, the 29th, the new Unitarian Church at St. Cloud was dedicated, Rev. Mr. Crothers, of St. Paul, preaching the dedication sermon.

The cost of this building was stated by the committee in charge to be $14,000, of which $10,000 has been raised by the society and $4,000 remains, secured by a mortgage on the property. The business session of the Conference was held Friday morning the 30th, Judge L. W. Collins presiding.

The treasurer's report showed receipts for the past year $392.12, expended, $360.10, balance on hand, $32.02.

Mr. Staples, chairman of the missionary committee, reported that during the summer Mr. F. C. Southworth, of Harvard College was stationed at St. Peter, Minn., engaged in missionary work, with good results. Fifty dollars was paid by the Conference towards the expense of the work, the balance being paid by the American Unitarian Association. Mr. Staples did some work last winter at Sauk Centre and considerable interest was manifested there. Mr. Pratt. of Keokuk, Iowa, had preached at Detroit, Minn., while Mr. Crothers had endeavored to start a Unitarian movement at Mankato, Minn. Attempts to introduce Unitarian preaching had also been made at Buffalo and New London. Mr. Crothers offered suggestions concerning an organized lecture bureau to furnish lectures at missionary points. His remarks met hearty approval, and the missionary committee was requested to arrange such a course for the coming winter. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Judge L. W. Collins, of St. Cloud, President; Judge O. P. Stearns, of Duluth, Vice President; Walter L. Chapin, St. Paul, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. C. J. Staples, Kristofer Jansen and Eliza T. Wilkes, Missionary Committee. Rev. F. C. Davis gave an interesting report of his church and work at Winona. At the afternoon session a paper was read by R. C. J. Staples on the Historical and Ideal Christ and Mr. Wm. Ballou, of Fargo, preached a sermon. In the evening the delegates were entertained by the ladies of the St. Cloud Church, after which a platform meeting was held, at which addresses were made by Mr. Janson, Mr. Crothers, Mr. Forbush, Mr. Maxson and Mr. Sample. There were present from outside the state, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of Boston, Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago, and Rev. H. D. Maxson, of Menomonie.

Directors' Meeting, W. U. C.—The board met at Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, at 2:30 p. m., November 10, Hon. D. L. Shorey in the chair. Present James Van Inwagen, J. M. Wanzer, J. Ll. Jones, J. V. Blake, John R. Effinger. The secretary reported that the invitation extended by resolution of last meeting of the board to Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Rev. J. Ll. Jones, Rev. H. D. Maxson, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. A. M. Judy, Rev. J. C. Learned and Rev. N. M. Mann to co-operate in the field-work of the Conference had been accepted. He also reported a series of Sunday afternoon services inaugurated in South Evanston, September 27, in which the Chicago ministers have cordially co-operated with the secretary. The treasurer's report was read and accepted. Communications were received from absent directors, viz., Florence Bagley Sherman, Ida C. Hultin, F. L. Hosmer, W. C. Gannett and Henry Doty Maxson, also a note from Mr. Enoch Lewis, of Philadelphia, containing his check for $25 to be used at the discretion of the conference for the Unitarian Society at Lincoln, Neb., or other missionary work. F. L. Hosmer reported that he had been outside his parish on missionary errands, every Sunday evening but one, since September 1—three times to Massillon and six times to Painesville, besides arranging for other ministers to speak at the latter place in his absence. In neither place has a church organization been attempted. Mr. Gannett recommended an appropriation of money from the treasury of the conference to aid the fund now being raised by the friends of Rev. Jasper L. Douthit in support of his self-sacrificing missionary labors. It was unanimously voted to forward to the church at Lincoln, Neb., the donation of Mr. Enoch Lewis and a copy of the letter of the donor, and that we appropriate twenty-five dollars from the treasury of the Western Unitarian Conference to the Jasper L. Douthit fund. J. V. Blake, J. Ll. Jones and John R. Effinger were appointed a committee on programme of anniversary meeting for 1892.

Boston.—The annual meeting of the Sunday-school Society in Fitchburg was a gathering of three hundred interested persons under the chairmanship of Rev. E. A. Horton. Rev. H. G. Spaulding, secretary, reported new manuals coming, and improvements in the newspaper and in printed services for festivals. Prof. Toy, of Harvard, gave an evening sermon on Bible Study. The addresses indicated an opinion favoring graded lessons. Reports from ten representative Sunday-schools seemed to name as means of growth—hard work following good methods, and personal interest in pupils.

—Rev. Geo. W. Cooke gives the topics and names of lecturers in his Unity Club series of lectures in Channing Hall. The social problems named comprise "Immigration," "Co-operation," "Manual Training," "Functions of a City," "New Duties for the State and Nation."

—Rev. Clay Maccauley writes from Tokio, Japan, emphasizing the new liberal methods of the missionaries in that country. They all now seem willing to allow the natives to construct their own ideal Christianity and to pursue a practical system of Christian ethics. All these innovations the Japanese somehow base on a foundation of the rational feature of their own ancient Shinto religion.

—A new Christmas service with the music (twenty-five pages) is issued by the Sunday-school Society. Cost is five cents a copy, or four cents each for fifty or more copies. Also a new "Christmas Carol for Primary Classes" with music. Price ten cents for dozen copies.

—The Monday Club will discuss the frank and honest way to teach the Bible in the home and in the Sunday-school.

Pacific Coast Conference.—The Pacific Unitarian Conference was held at Los Angeles, October 26-29. Rev. B. F. McDaniel preached the Conference sermon. A. H. Judson of Los Angeles gave the address of welcome. Following the address of the president, Hon. W. J. Thompson, came reports of officers, reports from churches and the report of superintendent Van Ness. Rev. P. S. Thacher led the discussion on this report. Dr. Horatio Stebbins spoke on "Protestantism—Its Present Unrest, the Relation of Unitarianism to It," "Protestantism—its liberal religious movements," "Church Problems," "The Sunday School" and "the Relation of Unitarianism to the reforms of the day," were discussed by ministers and laymen, and one afternoon was devoted to "The Woman's Conference." The acting president, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Easton, of San Francisco, gave an address, Miss Bertha L. Shafter, of Oakland, a paper on "The Need of Deeper Spiritual Life," and Mrs. B. F. Giddings, of San Francisco, a paper on the "Post Office Mission Work on the Pacific Coast." Fifty-seven delegates were reported present at this eighth session of the Pacific Conference.

Anamosa, Iowa.—We learn from Anamosa papers that the ordination and installation services of Rev. E. W. Beers, pastor of the "People's Church," were recently held in the Grand Opera House, Rev. Dr. Thomas of Chicago, preaching the sermon, and afterward, with a few well-chosed words, ordaining and installing the minister. Mr. Beers, formerly a Congregationalist, has been for some months, leading a liberal movement in Anamosa. The sermon of Dr. Thomas was received with enthusiasm by the friends of the movement.

Certificate of Fellowship.—This certifies that we have examined the credentials of the Rev. F. C. Davis, formerly a minister of the Independent Presbyterian Church in England, and that we are satisfied of his fitness for the work of the Unitarian ministry. We therefore cordially commend him to the fellowship of our churches.

S. B. Crothers,
T. B. Forbush,
John R. Effinger,
} Committee of Fellowship appointed by the National Unitarian Conference for the Western States.

Nov. 5, 1891.

Portland, Ore.—We have received, in neat pamphlet form, a sermon entitled "An Easter Homily," by Rev. T. L. Eliot, D.D., delivered March 29, 1891, published by the Post Office Mission, of Portland.

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Sun.—Only what thou art in thyself determines thy value, not what thou hast.

Mon.—There is no greatness that is not based on true morality.

Tues.—Being alone when one's belief is firm, is not to be alone.

Wed.—Work transfers our vital energies to others.

Thurs.—He who is with himself is everything.

Fri.—One learns fidelity by work.

Sat.—Honor pledges us to morality, fame still more, and power most of all.

—*Auerbach.*

A Child's Thought of God.

They say that God lives very high,
But if you look above the pines
You can not see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold;
Though from Him all that glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face,
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her tender pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you in the dark, dear guesser?"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Humble Heroism.

[An Incident of the Flood in the Alabama River During the Spring of 1886.]

Negroes frequently exhibit a wonderful heroism in times of danger. An instance of this I witnessed in the spring of 1886, when a freshet in the Alabama river caused the country on each side to be overflowed for many miles.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together on some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. There they often remained two or three days and nights without food, and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers and filled with provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn barn, around which the water was rapidly rising and so rendering their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started at once to their assistance. In one of them I went accompanied by another white man and a negro. Through the dark we sighted the corn barn, upon which a mass of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling, and daylight beginning to fade away. Their condition became almost distressing as they sat in perfect silence waiting our approach. Still we did not appreciate their extreme peril until the boat struck against the frail log building which was in the water to the edges of the roof and visibly shook and tottered. The poor creatures commenced to clamber hurriedly down to the boat.

"Stop!" I cried. "The women and children first."

The men obediently resumed their seats. We took in all the children and then the women, and were about pushing off, telling the men we would hurry back for them as quickly as possible or send the first boat we met, when an old woman (I noticed she was the last to get in the boat, and had done so reluctantly) seized the corner of the house, and looking anxiously into my face, said:

"Marster, ain't you gwine to take my old man?"

"No, auntie," I answered, "the boat is too full now. He must wait till we come back."

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when with a sudden spring she was up and on the roof again. It shook as she scrambled on it and took her seat by a little, withered old black man, whose hand she seized and held as if she was afraid we would tear her away from him.

"Come auntie," I cried, "this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer on you."

"Go on, marster," she answered, "I thanks yer, en I pray de good Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I am gwine to stay wid my ole man. *Ef Simon got to git drownded, Liddy gwine git drownded too. We dun bin togedder too long to part now.*" And we had to leave her, after throwing some blankets and a lot of provisions to them.

As we rowed off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness. They dared not have a light for fear of setting fire to their frail support. We stopped our oars to listen to the song. It came clear and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling voice and then a chorus of a dozen or more of the deep bass voices of the men:

"We're a clingin' to de ark,
Take us in, take us in,
Fur de watah's deep en dark,
Take us in, take us in;
Do de flesh is po' en weak,
Take us in, take us in;
'Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek,
Take us in, take us in;
Draw de sinnahs to de lan',
Take us in, take us in."

We could wait and listen no longer to the weird sounds, but struck our oars in the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the barn and saved all of its living freight. The building had apparently been held down by their weight, for as the last one left it turned over and floated away to the gulf.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that as they neared it, the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

"De Lawd is hyah'd our cry,"

Answered by the men:

"Take us in, take us in,
En He'll save us by en by,
Take us in, take us in."

To this simple-hearted old creature divorce courts and separations were unknown. With her it was "*until death do us part.*" M. E. S.

THROUGH SUEZ.

Bonaparte broached the plan of re-cutting through Suez. Half a century later Engineer De Lesseps did it. He actually changed geography. He broke a continent in two for the world's commerce. An old man now, Count de Lesseps writes for *The Youth's Companion*, in humorous, charming vein, how he came to build the canal

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IV.—BUDDHISM.

LESSON XI.

Doctrines of Nirvana, Karma, etc. Spread and Development of Buddhism.

1. Life a burden and an evil. Yet sacred, and great tenderness towards all living creatures. Account for it.
2. The meaning of Nirvana. Analogies if any in other faiths.
3. The meaning of Karma.
4. Spread of Buddhism. Its present territory and numbers.
5. Later development into idolatry, spiritualism and formalism.

NOTES.

The edicts of Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, (250 B. C.) were full of kindness. Not only all **sacrifice** of **animals** was **prohibited,** but any infliction of suffering upon the least living creatures. Even medical treatment for animals if sick was enjoined. Human life might be bearing penalty under or struggling upward through these lower forms.

What of Emerson's thought:

"And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Some one has made the curious observation that it is only in **Christian** lands that Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are **needed.**

Gautama was silent when asked questions concerning the soul and immortality. The belief in **pre-existence** was probably held by the non-Aryan tribes of the Ganges valley.

"**Buddhist Beatitudes.**" These are given in a passage of twelve stanzas. They describe "the greatest blessing," or the earthly Nirvana. "A sinless, calm state of mind." Not many have reached it. To "want to be an angel" would be utter heresy in the Buddhist faith.

The life of man in the sacred writings is often likened to a flame. One flame lights many others, or it may cease. The question of "Alice in Wonderland": What does the flame of the candle look like or where is it, after the candle has gone out? is not altogether unnatural. In Nirvana we are told the three fires of passion—lust, hatred and delusion—and all sensations are extinguished.

Karma, though one of the four mysteries of Buddhism, means moral destiny. Over this road, it may be through animal forms, one passes to bliss or misery.

Buddhism (like Christianity) did not retain its hold in the land of its birth. It passed into Ceylon in the third century B. C. It was introduced into China very early in our era, and into Japan in 552 A. D. By 900 A. D. it had become so corrupted as to lose all power over the people of India. Then Mohammedanism came.

The religion of Gautama, like the religion of Jesus, beginning as a protest against sacerdotalism, ritualism, materialism, legalism and letter worship, finally fell into the very excesses it had come to remedy.

Its extreme development may be seen in the Lamaism of Thibet.

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The Announcements in this advertisement and those which will follow will enable the friends of THE COMPANION to judge somewhat of the scope and character of the reading that will be given in its columns during 1892 — the sixty-fifth year of its issue.

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